A CHOICE

GARLAND,

Containing Three excellent Songs.

1 The Spinning Wheel's Glory.
2 The Brazier's Daughter, or Pretty Betsey.
3 The London Apprentice.

Manchester: Printed by G. Swindells.

The Spinning-Wheel's Glory.

A Favorte SONG.

PART I.

ONE morning as I was a trudging about,
I heard a terrible noiſe and a terrible rout.
It ſeem'd my dame Spinning wheel in kitchen was come,
And madam Tea table muſt needs have her room.
At firſt ſhe ſpoke with a terrible grace,
Indeed madam Tow-card, I'd have you give place;
My company is more deſired than yours,
Therefore now pack off, and get out of doors.
But the Spinning wheel was not in the leaſt afraid,
She ſaid I'm your elder, I'll not be diſmay'd;
I was lov'd and embraced before that you came,
But now indeed, Tea-table is all the game.
Tea-table at that flew into a rage,
And for her attendande ſhe call'd her foot-page,
Saying, bring me my ſervants I do you deſire,
We'll cripple this Tow card and throw her in the fire.
Then to her aſſiſtance there came in her view,
The tea-kettle, tea-pot, and caniſter too;
The ſugar-diſh, ſlop-baſon, cream-pot, and tongs,
Spoons, cups and ſaucers came all in the throng.
But tea-pot the firſt did the tow-card oppoſe,
Who ſtrove with her till ſhe ſweat at the noſe;
Which put all the reſt in a terrible fright,
They all ſwore they'd murder the ſpinning-wheel quite.
The ſlop-baſon, cream-pot, ſaucers and all,
About the poor ſpinning-wheel's ears did fall,
Who up with her diſtaff, and fought with ſuch power,
As ſhe laid them all ſprawling upon the hard floor.
The kettle jump'd at her being hard and ſtout,
Saying turn unto me, let us have a bout:
With that they did fight two hours or more,
But diſtaff made tea-kettle bitterly roar.
Tea-kettle ſtuck to her, and claw'd her about,
At laſt the poor wheel was forc'd to give out;
For ſhe beat out her teeth, and wounded her ſore,

So the ſpinning-wheel ſhe could ſtrive no more.
But love-work and labour did chance to come by,
And hearing of ſpinning-wheel thus for to cry,
Both enter'd the room with valour and ſpite,
And ſwore they would cripple the tea-kettle quite.
They call'd her vile ſtrumpet, and brazen fac'd jade,
Becauſe ſhe had ruin'n one half of her trade;
They kick'd her and beat her, and tofs'd her about,
Till ſhop-keepers and ſmugglers appear'd in a rout.

They ſmiling themſelves to be ſet in a fray,
They took up the wheel and with ſpeed ran away;
And laid it up ſafe in a garrea ſo high,
Where for a time the poor wheel it muſt lie.

PART II.

1 THE ſpinning-wheel finding herſelf thus abus'd,
Entey'd into a ſuit, and her witneſſes chus'd,
Who all ſtood up firm in the ſpinning-wheel's pace,
And to my lord judge ſhe open'd her caſe.
2 There was love-work, induſtry, houſewifery and ſwift,
Stay-at-home, no-tatter, clean-ſmock, and no rags,
And the impolite party were nothing but brags.
3 There were goſſips and tatlers, ne'er-work and pin-clout,
With danner and panner, and tofs-cap about,
Sugar-lips and butter-chops, milk-crock and pride,
With idle and lazy, and ſluttiſh beſide.
4 All theſe on both ſides in the court did appear,
Before my lord judge, who was very ſevere;
He had them all ſworn, for to ſpeak true,
Saying friends be mindful, obſerve what you do.
5 The wheel being plaintiff, her witneſs did call,
The the truth ſhe ſpoke up, and ſo did they all,
That ſince the tea-table had been in ſuch faſhion,
Her fav'rites had ruin'd great part of the nation.
6 For tradeſmen and farmers they never can thrive,
So long as they've got your tea-table wives;
Indeed ſir, ſaid truth, for this damnable tea,
We ſend all our money away beyond ſea.
7 Then prudence ſtood up and ſeconded truth,
Saying, pleaſe your worſhip, when I was a youth,

We had no ſuch rattle trap whims I am ſure;
Yet good entertainment for rich and for poor.
For a ſlice of good cheeſe, and a pot of good beer,
With a toaſt, and the loaf was excellent cheer,
We'd ſnap to our breakfaſt, then ſit down and ſpin,
But now we muſt ſit till the clock it ſtrikes ten.
Then up and get dinner, being ready at one,
The clock it ſtrikes two before we have done,
Then at three they ſit down to the table again,
Then pray ſir, how can they have due time to ſpin.
With ſipping and chatting the day doth ſoon paſs,
Then comes my lord rain in a jacket of glaſs,
And makes them all merry, they tattle and ſing,
And thus at laſt they forget for to ſpin.
The judge he ſmil'd to hear what they did ſay,
And call'd for the tea-table witneſſes away,
Who all did appear, but goſſips were firſt,
Who with ſpite and malice were ready to burſt.
Which tattle perceiving, be ſtraightway did ſpeak,
But ſigh'd as if her very heart it would break,
Quoth ſhe, ſir, this wheel is ſo impudent grown,
We cannot be eaſy with friends or alone.
And therefore I beg of your lordſhip, ſaid ſhe,
That you will tranſport them all over the ſea:
If we chance but to drink a glaſs with friend,
Our huſbands come ſwearing why don't you ſpin.
And having thus ſaid, ſhe was ſtraightway diſmiſs'd,
hen pin-clout ſtood up, and gap'd till ſhe piſs'd;
ow ſhe and the reſt did heartily pray
The judge that he would ſend the wheels away.
Which had ſurely been done, had it not been for truth,
She bringing the linen ſhe had ſpun in her youth,
And ſhew'd it the judge, who at her did ſtare,
Concluding the tea-folks ſhew none of this ware.
Then thoſe at the wheel had their freedom again,
And brought in the kitchen for ever to reign:
And the tea-table ſhe in the parlour muſt roam,
If once ſhe comes out, then death is her doom.

The London Apprentice.

1 I'll tell you of a 'prentice,
Who went to court his dear.
The moon ſhone bright which gave a ſigh
And the candle burning clear.

2 I knocked at her window,
To eaſe me of my pain;
Up ſhe roſe and let me in.
And barr'd the door again.

3 My daddy and my mammy,
They both together lie,
Embracing one another,
Why ſhould not you and I.

4 My dear without
Either fear or doubt,
Come roll me in your arms,
And blow the candle out.

5 I ſtood a while amuſing,
The candle I threw by.
Then I ſtript off my cloathing,
And down by her did lie.

6 I threw my hands round her waiſt,
And hugg'd round about,
And ſmilingly ſhe did reply,
Kind ſir, the candle's out.

I would not for five guineas,
My mammy ſhe ſhould know,
That I was ſtript into my ſmock,
And let the candle go.
The ſtreets they are both wide and broad,
And the rogues they rove about,
Come roll me in your arms,
And now the candle's out.
I would not marry this fair maid,
Againſt her daddy's will,
Beſides a handſome fortune,
With a heart and free good will.
Five thouſand pounds he paid me down
It was all at one bout,
For rolling her all in my arms,
And blowing the candle out.

10 JU 52

FINIS.